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THE
Pretty Gentleman :
OR,
SOFTNESS of MANNERS
VINDICATED

From the false RIDICULE exhibited
under the Character of

WILLIAM FRIBBLE, Esq;



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-*
noster Row. 1747.

[Price Six-Pence,]

THE
PREFACE
OF
SOFTNESS OF MANNERS
VINDICATED
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under the Character of
WILLIAM WILBELL, Esq.

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Printed for M. C. in the Globe in London.
1747.
[Price Six Pence.]





TO

Mr. GARRICK.

S I R,

AS in the Wantonness of your petulant Fancy, you have fallen upon a Set of Gentlemen, who cannot possibly have given you any personal Provocation; I have thought proper to prefix your Name to this their Defence, and call upon you thus publickly to justify your Behaviour, if it be possible. But surely, Sir, it must have been a secret Admiration of their Elegant and Refined Manners, that called forth your Spleen, to turn into Ridicule those soft Accomplishments you despised to equal; and, as a Comic Writer did by the Divine Socrates, mimic and burlesque upon the Stage what you had not the Face to imitate in real Life. But your Wit was as impotent as your Malice was strong. Your Farce was no sooner seen, than it was laugh'd at; you knew, Sir, it was laugh'd at; most prodigiously laugh'd at: A plain Proof, that it was judged to be very ridiculous.

A 2

B E-

BELIEVE me, Sir, you have fallen most miserably short in your Attempt. And how should it be otherwise? You pretend to exhibit a Representation of The Pretty Gentleman, who are by no means an Adept in the Character! You! that are an entire Stranger to those fine Sensations, which are requisite to give a thorough Notion, and true Relish of the Enjoyments it affords! How should you paint what Nature has not given you Faculties to feel? As far as SHE leads you by the Hand, you may perhaps succeed: But to leave her behind, and tread those secret Paths to which her Guidance never points; This, Mr. Garrick, This is far beyond the Power of your limited Genius.

SO wishing you more fortunate in your next Essay, and wise enough never to expose your self again to Derision, by endeavouring to laugh out of Countenance a Character which all sensible Men look upon with Admiration and Astonishment, I take leave to subscribe my self, as much as I ought to be,

S I R,

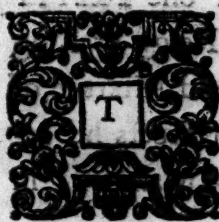
Your Humble Servant,

PHILAUTUS.



THE

Pretty Gentleman, &c.



THE Theatre is said to be the proper School for correcting the little Irregularities and Foibles of Mankind ; and no Method is held more likely to check the Growth of Folly, than to bring it to full View in Scenes of humorous Representation. But then the Comic Writer should be certain, that what he endeavours to expose, be really an Object of Ridicule ; otherwise he not only offends against the Rules of the *Drama*, but the Precepts of *Virtue*.

I AM

I AM led into these Reflections, by a late Performance exhibited on our Stage, wherein the Author attempts to laugh out of Countenance that *mollifying Elegance* which manifests itself with such a bewitching Grace, in the *refined* Youths of this *cultivated Age*. It is in Defence of these injured Gentlemen that I have taken up my Pen ; and how well qualified I am to execute such an Undertaking, the Reader will be convinced, if he has but Patience to peruse carefully the following Sheets.

AMIDST all my Researches into the History of this Country, I do not find one PRETTY GENTLEMAN, till the glorious Reign of King *James I.* This Prince had an odd Mixture of contrary Qualities. In some respects he retained the Rusticity of *Gotbick* Manners ; in others, he was very refined.

LORD *Clarendon* assures us, “ That His
 “ *Most Sacred* MAJESTY was so highly de-
 “ lighted with a Beautiful Person and Fine
 “ Cloaths, that these were the chief Recom-
 “ mendations to the Great Offices of State.”
 A convincing Proof (begging the noble His-
 torian's

torian's Pardon) of that Monarch's superiour Talents for Government.

In the Reign of *Charles I.* this Refinement sunk in Reputation: For how indeed was it possible, that a genuine Taste could be cultivated, when *Falkland* was beheld with general Admiration, and *Waller* read with general Delight?

HARDER still was her Fate, under the Rebukes of an austere Republic, and a sour Protector. The very *Loyalists* themselves were treated with less Rigor, and not a Man of any Elegance durst even show his Head.

BUT when Monarchy was restored, Taste emerged from her Obscurity, and shone with some Degree of Lustre. For tho' the Prince was somewhat inelegant in Himself, yet that downy Ease, which was cherished under his auspicious Influence, was highly favourable to the Cultivation of soft Manners; notwithstanding the malicious Efforts of *Milton*, *Denham*, *Dorset*, *Buckingham* and *Dryden*.

FROM

FROM this Period, to the Beginning of the present Century, her Progress was now and then checked by the Blasts of Envy; yet, upon the whole, she made some tolerable Shoots; when at last, a Set of malevolent Spirits arose, who * with a cruel and bloody-minded Zeal, entered into a Combination to destroy this lovely Plant, both Root and Branch. The better to effect their barbarous Resolution, they set up an *Idol* of their own Fanc'y, ascribed to it all the Attributes of the *Graces*, and with the Artifice of deceiving Blandishments, allured the Majority of the Nation to fall down and worship the *Image* which they had set up.

HENCE it was that *Elegance* became a neglected Character, and the *pretty Gentlemen* an Object of general Contempt, and barbarous Railery.

BUT no sooner were these Enemies removed, than the Sons of Delicacy made an Attempt to rise again. And how successful they

* Under the Forms of *Tatlers*, *Spektators*, and *Guardians*.

they have been, every Place of polite Resort does fully witness; and notwithstanding all Opposition, they are determined to push on their Designs, and polish the *British* Manners. Now the better to carry on this glorious Scheme of Reformation, these Gentlemen have erected themselves into an amicable Society, and from the Principles, on which it is founded, have very pertinently styled it,

The Fraternity of Pensive Gentlemen.

And no associated Body can possibly subsist,

unless they are cemented by an Union of Hearts, the grand Principle of this Fellowship is mutual Love, which, it must be confessed, they carry to the highest Pitch. In this Respect, they are not inferior to the *Legion of St. George*, *The sacred Theban Band* so illustrious in Story. Such an Harmony of Temper is preserved amongst them, such a Sameness is there in all their Words and Actions, that the Spirit of One seems to have passed into the Other; or rather, they all breathe the same Soul. This is the secret Charm, that the *Platonists* talk of, the intellectual Faculty,

have erected themselves into an amicable so-

Hence, the grand principle of this Fellowship is that they are connected by an Unbreakable

And they do not indeed consume their Hours in such Points of vain Speculation, wherein the *Pride* of *Reason* and *Learning* has Room to operate. And indeed there is something in the Drudgery of *Masculine* Knowledge, by no means adapted to Youths of *feminine* a Frame, that it cannot be said, they are ever invigorated with perfect Health. The enfeebled Tone of their Organs and Spirits does therefore naturally dispose them to the softer and more refined Studies; Furniture

Equipage, Dress, the Tiring Room, and the Toy-shop.----What a Fund is here for Study! And what a Variety of easy Delights! Or, if the Mind is bent upon Manual Exercise, the *Knotting-Bag* is ready at Hand; and their skilful Fingers play their Part. Notwithstanding the Ridicule, which is thrown upon this Part of the Character, it appears to me, rather to merit our *Applause*, than to provoke our *Laughter*. With what Satisfaction have I beheld five or six of these elegant Youths interspersed with an equal Number of Ladies, almost as delicate as themselves, and vying with them in their own Accomplishments! Rouzed by the Ardor of Emulation, they work for *Glory*, and assert the Prize of *Feminine Merit*.

WITH equal Skill their practised Fingers apply the Needle, and rejoin the Lace: With equal Facility they convey the gliding Shuttle thro' the opening Thread, and form the various Knots: Pretty Innocents! How virtuously, how usefully are their Hours employed! Not in the wrangling Squabbles of the Bar, or the unmannerly Con-

tentions of the Senate; not in the robust Sports of the Field, or in a toilsome Application to ungentlemanlike Science; but in the pretty Fancies of Dress, in Criticisms upon Fashions, in the artful Disposition of *China* Jars and other Foreign Trinkets; in sewing, in knitting Garters, in knotting of Fringe, and every gentle Exercise of Feminine Oeconomy.

If from their Studies we turn our Attention to their Conversation, we must be convinced, that in this Respect likewise they are so far from meriting Contempt, that nothing in the World can be more refined, or more engaging.

It is an established Maxim in this School of Manners, never to oppose the Sentiments of the Company. Every Gentleman assents to every thing that is said. Sometimes indeed, you may hear what appears, at first, like a Difference of Judgment: But have a little Patience, and you will find, it is only the genteel Interchange of Sentiments: For *Sippius* will go over to the Opinion of *Fannius*, rather

rather than be so rude to contradict him; and *Famius* will allow his Friend to be in the right, rather than be thought so ill-bred, as not to give up such a Trifle as his own Judgment. Whereas your unrectified Spirits are eternally insisting upon the natural Right of maintaining their Opinions, and the Liberty of speaking their Minds.

THE Liberty of speaking your Mind! A pretty Assertion truly! I know not what Arguments may be drawn, in favour of it, from the musty Precepts of antiquated Sages; but I am certain, that Good-breeding absolutely disallows it: Neither indeed is it reconcileable with common Sense and Discretion; for he who disapproves my Sentiments, does in Effect tell me *I am a Fool*. Consequently, let him talk ever so well, and reason (as you call it) ever so justly, he is sure to give Offence: Whilst the yielding Companion, the well-bred Assenter, never fails to conciliate Favour; for there is not a more engaging Compliment to the Understanding, than to sacrifice *your own Vapour* to That of *another*.

: anology but since individual mind varies, A

A PRETTY GENTLEMAN therefore scarce ever dissents. He will indeed sometimes say, "Ob! pard'n me, mi Dear! I ke'n't possibly be of that Opinion!" But then this is only a polite Artifice, that he may flatter your Judgment with a finer Address, when he afterwards suffers himself to be convinc'd by your superior Reasoning. To give him his Due, he has no Attachment to any one Opinion in the World, but *that* of preserving the Rules of Good-breeding. In all other Cases, he has an Assent entirely at your Service; and you cannot change Sides oftner, than this most obsequious humble Servant will follow you. A Transgression of *Decorum* is indeed so shocking to his Nature, that he cannot let it pass without Correction; but then it is always inflicted with a gentle Hand. The severest Animadversion never rises beyond this, *O! fie! ye filthy Creter!*

THE Epithet *filthy*, as it appears upon Paper, may seem somewhat coarse and unclean:

But

But were you to hear how he liquidates the Harshness of the Sound, and conceals the Impurity of the Idea by a sweetned Accent, you would grow enamoured of his Address, and admire the enchanting Beauties of refined Elocution. (*Oh ! fit to ye filt-by Creter*) How easy, how gentle, how humane a Chastisement for the highest Offence !

It has been observed (but I don't remember by what Author) that there are two Kinds of Conversation : The one, close and continued ; the other, loose and unconnected. The *First* was practised amongst us whilst the Enemies of Elegance prevailed : But now the *Letter* has deservedly gained the Ascendant, as it is perfectly suited to the Turn and Cast of our polite Assemblies of every Denomination.* The Gravity of dull Knowledge is at last happily exploded : *Masculine* Sense and Wit are rejected as obsolete and unfashionable Talents ; and better supplied by the more engaging Charms of the contrary Qualities. Nothing is now heard, but sweet Chit-chat,

* Drums, Kettle-Drums, Drum-Majors, Routs, Hurries, Riots, Tumults, and Helter-Skelters, the several Appellations by which the modern Assemblies are aptly characterized and distinguished.

that, and tender Prittle-Prattle, Shreds of Sentiments, and Cuttings of Sentences, all soft and charming, elegant and polite.

By this short Abstract of the prevailing Turn in polite Conversation, the Reader sees, that the *Pretty Gentleman* must necessarily be the best Company, because he will neither offend by the abominable Coarseness of *manly Reason*, nor the ungrateful Poignancy of keen Repartee: But tho' he is not such a *Fool*, nor so ill-bred as to be down-right *Witty*, he will now and then indulge himself in what he calls, *The little Whispers of Flattery*, which I will not unjust for much as to gild them under the Denomination of *Wit*. If the Company happens to grow languid, *Ramus* has an admirable Talent at reviving their Spirits by some pretty familiar Remark or other, which, obvious as it is, would never have entered into the Head of an unrefined Mortal. On such an Occasion this little Wag will pat a Lady over the Shoulder, and tell her with the most facetious Leer,

"I vew, Me'me, yur'e immoderately entertaining."

AND

AND tho' this is all he says, yet there is something in the *Manner*, in the *Accent*, and in the---*I don't know what*; that the Company instantly revive, and begin again to exchange their *Words*. Nor let any Man imagine that this is a trifling Talent, which can raise Something out of ---Nothing, and restore a Society to Chearfulness and Pleasantry; for good Manners require that Conversation should be kept up at any Rate.

BUT when I told you that their Raillery was the most inoffensive thing in Nature, and operated so finely, that it could scarce be felt; yet as there are no general Maxims but what have some Exceptions, I confess that *Lepidulus* now and then steps beyond the Rules of the Community, and like a little Wasp as he is, leaves his Sting in the Wound he inflicts. A certain Lady, who affects a masculine Sense and Spirit of Jocularity, gave herself the Liberty to rally the modern Refinement, and in the Ardor of her Zeal was transported somewhat beyond the Limits of *Décorum*. Upon this, *Lepidulus* was so exasperated, that he

C

could

could not, for the Soul of him, contain any longer, but steps towards her with a nettled Air, looks her full in the Face, and with a rebuking Countenance, mixed with Fear, gave Vent to his Spleen.---“ I vew, Me'me ! it-it-
 “ it's not--without infinite Pains--that yu're
 “ able---to make yureself less am'able.”

THIS cutting Reproof, just and seasonable as it was, would hardly have passed uncensured by the Fraternity, had it not been excused by the high Provocation, which occasioned it.

THE other Day, when the whole Body was assembled, they had the Patience to peruse that abominable *Farce* now under my Correction. “ It is the most astonishing Thing
 “ in Nater, cries *Tenellus*, that so low a Performance should meet wi' such pop'ler Applause !--- O Lard ! Oh Lard ! as I hope
 “ for Mircy, replies *Lepidulus*, there's re'lly
 “ now nothing at all supprizing in the Case ;
 “ for pop'ler Fame is nothing but *Air* ; and
 “ *Air* (as your Scholars tells us) nat'rally
 “ presses into----- a Vacuum. He--he--
 “ he--he !

THO'

Tho' this was a keen Conceit, yet as it reflected Honour on the Community, it was so highly relished, that they had certainly broke out into a loud Laughter, were it not that such *Bursts* of Mirth are looked upon as the Marks of savage Manners. A *governed* Smile, or so---they judge to be not at all ungraceful. Nay, an *Half-Laugh* upon a very extraordinary Occasion, is not esteemed a Departure from Decorum. But then, the utmost Caution imaginable is taken, that it proceed no farther. And it is pleasant enough to see the little Difficulties they struggle with in suppressing the Inclination. The tickling Sense of the home-felt Conceit, puts the risible Features into Motion; but then it is instantly checked by the quick Impulse of fine Sensation. The one prompts to give full Vent to the rising Joy; the other bids---forbear. It is this pretty Altercation, which produces that *tempered Laugh*, which plays with such a Grace on the Countenance of a Pretty Gentleman.

By what I have already advanced, the Reader may probably perceive, that their

Language and Diction has the most essential Requisite of Style, and that *the Sound always eccho's to the Sense*. But since this Part of the Character has been a Subject of our Mimic's Raillery, I shall produce such Instances, as will incontestibly demonstrate the Truth of my Assertion.

SOME time ago, four or five of these elegant Youths were invited to dine at Lady Betty ----'s. The first Dish that was served up happened to be a Leg of *Lamb and Spinage*; at the Sight of which *Fannius* instantly fainted away.

“ OH Lard ! says *Timidulus*, fetch some
 “ Draps.---Take away the Dish, cried *Molli-*
 “ *culo*---Perhaps he has some 'Tipathy to
 “ Lamb. No, no, replies *Tenellus*, he has
 “ evermore his Hysterics at this Time of the
 “ Year.---Let him alone, for He'vns Sake!
 “ don't croud about'm ;---he'll come to him-
 “ self presently.---Fetch a little Pepper Mint-
 “ water, says *Cottilus*, it is-----

By this Time, *Fannius* finding his Spirits return, gently lifted up his Head,—and after half a Dozen Sighs——“ Heigh ! Hob !
 “ Where am I ? —— Well—I protest — I
 “ am quite —— ashamed to —— to ——
 “ But —— do you know, whenever I see a
 “ Leg of *Lamb* and *Spinage*, it is so like——
 “ that it puts me in mind of——” [*Here he burst out into a Flood of Tears*]——“ It puts me
 “ in mind of my dear,—— dear Bitch *Cbloë*
 “ —— sunning herself upon a *Grass-Plot* !”
 “ What a dull Creature was I, replied the Lady,
 “ that I could not think of this ! But upon
 “ my Veracity ! I never heard a Syllable that
 “ *Cbloë* was——. It was sure the most
 “ engaging Company ! And had the softest
 “ Coat ! Well ! It was an infinitely pretty
 “ Creature !
 “ On dear Me’me ! replied *Fannius*——Not
 “ a Word more, I intreat you.—Your Favor
 “ is an Antidote against all Misfortunes.”
 Upon this he dried up his Tears ; the Com-
 pany sat down again, and all was well. I
 have given this Narrative not only as a beau-
 tiful

tiful Specimen of their Language, but as an exemplary Instance of great Humanity of Temper.

Nor are they less excellent in what is commonly called the *Epistolary Style*, but more properly *MISSIVE CONVERSATION*: The Reader will be fully convinced of this, if he gives his Attention to the following Specimens.

A C A R D.

“ LORD *Molliculo*’s Compliments to Sir
 “ *Roley Tenallus*—hopes did not ketch Cold
 “ last Night when he went from th’ Oppera—
 “ shall be proud of his Cumpany at Cards
 “ nex Wensday fennit,—to meet Lady *Betty*,
 “ and begs will not fail.

WHEN the Sentiments are committed to Paper, the Diction rises to an higher Pitch, preserving at the same time a great Degree of the *kindred Form*.

COPY

COPY of a LETTER from Sir Tho-
masn Lepidulus, to Narcissus
Shadow, Esq;

MI DERE Nassy,
I Expected yu wud ha' retorted upon that
brootal Monstir, who atak'd yu last Nite
at Lady Betty's.—You certinly had it in yure
Pour ;—but upon matuer D'liberation, I vew,
I think yu was in the Right to turn it off,
and treat the Retch wi' good Manners. Yu
fine Geniusses who 'clypses every Body, certainly
for that Reson owes every body inf'nite Civility.
Pour Puss is better this Morning—Fever pretty
much abated. Pray, mi Dere, how is yure Cold ?
I tho't yu was vastly hoarse last Nite. Better
not stir abroad—Weather's extremely piercing.
I hate this detestable Climate, as much as you
You will supply the rest—

Adieu, dere Nassy,

Yours infinitely,

T. LEPIDULUS.

Narcissus read this Letter to his Valet; and having talked the Subject over with him, not perhaps to borrow any of the Fellow's Sentiments, but to give Rise to some in himself, wrote the following Answer—

I Protest to you, my dear Leppy, I was several Times upon the Point of breaking out with the Sharpness of Rebuke. Was there ever such a nauseous Creter? To confess the Truth, I should certainly have been severe upon him, but that --- it is much more becoming a Gentleman, not to say any thing subject to inconvenient Interpretations. The Fellow is --- what you call sprightly --- but has not the least Tincture of Delicacy about him. Pray, have you seen the New Play? I sh'e'n't be eisy till I have yure Opinion.

MY Suspicions are confirmed. Amoriculus (and You believe it?) the abominable Man is, bona fide, become a Parent by his Criminal Gratifications.

Adieu Deery! Love me, as I do You--- and more --- if You can.

Yours for ever,

P.S. Half Hour past 2.
Going to Dress.

N. SHADOW.

AND what now have the Sons of *Momus* to object against the Style of a *Pretty Gentleman*? Here is every Requisite in Fine Writing: Here is Brevity, Softness, Propriety, and Ease. Happily freed from the Shackles of *connecting* and *restraining* Rules, the Diction roves and wanders, now here, now there, and with a wond'rous Facility glides so imperceptibly from one Flower to another, that the most subtle Penetrator would be at Loss to find, where *This* ends, and where *That* begins. Some Negligences there are indeed; but they are such as must be allowed the truest Ornaments of Speech.----Let any Man examine the Letters I have here faithfully transcribed, and tell me whether he does not admire the little Carélessnesses which are beautifully interspersed in these pretty Compositions. If these are *Faults*, it must be owned that they are truly charming: One cannot but delight in the lovely Errors, and say of this Style what *Quintilian* did of *Seneca's*,

Abundat Dulcibus Vitiis.

IT is a common Observation, that nothing has spoiled more Authors than the affected Imitation of another Man's Diction. Every one has some natural Bent, something *peculiar* in his Genius, which if he does not follow, he will never be able to speak or write with any Success. The *Pretty Gentleman* carefully avoids this Error, and follows his natural Genius. He neither writes like *Addison*, nor talks like C-----: but nobly disdains all servile Imitation. His Language is Original: It is his Own: and I defy the snarling Critic to produce any thing like it. I speak only of the *Style*; for I will not deny, that sometimes he will condescend to *steal* an *Hint* from another, as may be seen in the Specimens I have given. But how does he *steal* it? No otherwise than like those, who (as *Garib* says of *Dryden*) steal Beggars Children, only to cloath them the better.

ANOTHER Object of this Mimic's Rallery, is that sweet Placability of Temper, which obliges a refined Gentleman to put up even repeated Injuries and Affronts, rather than avenge them by the usual Method of demanding Satisfaction.

I AM

I AM not apprehensive that this Part of his Character is less defensible than the rest. I could produce some tolerable Arguments against Duelling, drawn from certain Principles, which were once looked upon to be the Rules of Human Conduct. I could easily prove, that the single Combat is derived from *Gothic* Manners, and is absolutely inconsistent with the Character of a Gentleman. But such Reasonings as these are neither so well adapted to the Times, nor so pertinent to the Cause I have undertaken. Waving then this kind of Defence, upon this single Argument I lay my whole Stress—“The *Pretty Gentleman* will not fight,---- because---- He “is not able.”

AND can any Man produce a better Reason for not doing a Thing, than to make it manifest ---- that he *cannot*?

BEHOLD that tender Frame! those trembling Knees! Those feeble Joints! Observe that fine Complexion! Examine that smooth, that Velvety Skin! View that *Pallor* which spreads itself over his Countenance! Hark, with what a feminine Softness his Accents steal their Way

thro' his half-opened Lips ! Feel that soft Palm ! those slender Fingers, accustomed only to handle Silks and Ribbons, the easy-piercing Needle, or soft-gliding Shuttle ; but unpractised in the rough Exercises of Warlike Weapons ! Mark all these, and a Thousand other gentle Imbecillities, and then tell me, impartial Reader, whether such a Being is formed for Battle ? ----- You cannot think it : You will not say it. I will therefore venture to affirm, that He is so far from deserving Contempt and Ridicule, when he declines the Combat, that he merits our Esteem and Applause. He therefore who is so base as to affront, or send a Challenge to *such* a Person, is an arrant Coward. For would a Man of Honor draw his Sword upon a *Lady* ? And to say the Truth, *The Pretty Gentleman* is certainly formed in a different Mould from that of Common Men, and tempered with a purer Flame. The whole System is of a finer Turn, and superior Accuracy of Fabric, insomuch that it looks as if Nature had been in doubt, to which Sex she should assign *Him*.

Now this Contexture of his Organs, and the Tone of his Spirits approaching so very
near

near That of the *Fair*, has rendered Him liable to the same gentle Impressions, and Alarms of Fear. Does *Celia* set up a Scream at the Apprehension of the least Danger? *Delicatulus* is as easily intimidated, and screams with as pretty an Accent. Do the Weakness of Lady *Betty*'s Nerves subject her to Fits and Swoonings? *Tenellus* likewise has his Hysterics, and dies away with as soft a Grace. It is to attain these and such like Accomplishments, that they make frequent Visits to the Ladies; though some slanderous Persons would make us believe, that they have another Motive, and intimate I know not what, *vitious* Designs, that are too indecent even to be mentioned. But I can assure the World, there is not the least Foundation for the base Suggestion. This Attendance, I know, takes its Rise from Causes, with which the Appetite for *That* Sex has no manner of Connexion. So pure are their Morals! So inviolable their Modesty! Amazing Continence! And yet, our Wonder is lessen'd, when we consider what Methods they pursue to fence against the Allurements of Female Charms. They are certainly the most sober and temperate Beings that ever existed. It is an inviolable

olable

olable Maxim with them, to refrain from every Indulgence, which is apt to irritate the Blood, and excite the Pruriency of Desire.

OLD *English* Roast-Beef is indeed properly adapted to Old *English* Manners; since, as all Physicians observe, the Quality of our Food communicates itself to the Mind. Therefore at the Table of a *Pretty Gentleman*, you never see the Flesh of a full-grown Animal. Chickens of a Week old, Veal Sweet-breads, or a Leg of Lamb, and now and then Pigs-petitoes, are their highest Indulgence. But the usual Food, is Cheesecakes, White-pot, Tanzeys, and Flommery. And can it be thought that this Abstemious Restriction is a proper Subject of Raillery, when a certain celebrated Writer, amidst the Praises he bestows on his noble Patron, mentions *this* as his finishing Excellence, "That he lived upon *Panada* and Water-gruel." * I mention this, because it is the Observation of one who never shew'd any Favour to Modern Elegance.

As to Wine, it is absolutely their Aversion. And indeed, so Delicate is their Frame, that even

* *Middleton's Life of Cicero.* - Dedication.

even the Moderate Indulgences of the *Fair* would ill-agree with these more tender Males.

“ The *First* Glass, said a *Pretty French Author*,

“ I may drink for myself; a *Second* for my

“ Friend; but if a *Third*, it is for my Enc-

“ my.” Our Youths seldom go so far as a

Second; and when ever That happens, 'tis

sure to be followed with bitter Reflections.

“ What do you think? (said *Umbratilis* to

“ Lord *Molly*.) I was the most abominable

“ Rake last Night! Do you know? I drank

“ Two Glasses of Claret after my Flom-

“ mery.

“ O H fie! you naughty Child! what a

“ Paw Trick was that! as I hope for Mercy,

“ you deserve to be soundly Wh---t, so you

“ do.

“ Two Glasses only! No more! And yet me-

“ rited such a rigorous Animadversion. But per-

“ haps even that small Quantity might be too

“ much for the Infantine Constitution; to which

“ Nature points out a more suitable Liquor, of

“ a Soft and Delicious kind, emulged from the fa-

“ lutiferous Cow, or the thin Juices of the *Gentle*

“ *Ass*; the Temperament of whose Fluids is pro-

“ ductive

ductive of a correspondent Temperament in the Person, who accustoms himself to these assimilating Draughts.

I HAVE already detained the Reader so long, that I shall not trespass upon his Patience by giving a Detail of the numerous Artifices, which are exhibited in the important Hours that are employed in decorating their Persons. Were you to behold *Narcissus* at his Toilet, how would you be charmed with the Order and Disposition! Did you view this lovely Youth whilst he takes his exterior Form into a most exact Adjustment, you must stand amazed at all the Pretty Wonders of his Art. What Pains! What Care! What Study! What Address! To arch that Eye-brow! To soften that Hand, and to Curl those lovely Locks! Whilst all the Graces attend as Invisible Handmaids, to finish the Work of Elegance. And when the busy Scene is over, and he is decorated in every minute Circumstance with the most Perfect Concinnity; behold, with what a soft Air and sweet Complacency he presents himself to View, and like *Horace's* *Barine* coming from her Toiler,

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Pulchrior multò, Juvenumq; prodiit

Publica cura.

THUS

THUS have I presented to the Reader's View an Enumeration of the several Qualities which constitute

A PRETTY GENTLEMAN: I

FROM whence it is easy to collect the true Notion of *Genuine Elegance*; which, without any apprehension of being disproved, I do not hesitate to define thus-----

“ *ELEGANCE* is the Absence or Debi-
 “ litation of *Masculine* Strength and Vigor, ---
 “ Or rather, The Happy Metamorphosis, ---
 “ Or, The Gentleman turn'd Lady; that is,
 “ Female Softness adopted into the Breast of
 “ a *Male*, discovering itself by outward Signs
 “ and Tokens in Feminine Expressions, Ac-
 “ cent, Voice, Air, Gesture and Looks.
 “ Or, as the *French* more clearly define it,
 “ *A je ne sçai quoi*.

AND now I appeal to the Judgment of the Impartial, whether This be a Character which deserves that Contempt and Ridicule some rude and undisciplined Spirits have endeavoured to throw upon it? It is impossible

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that any *serious* Person can entertain such a Thought.

I CALL therefore upon the Wisdom of the Nation: I call upon the L--ds, K---ts, and B---s, now assembled in P-----t, to interpose in this important Cause, this truly *National* Concern.

THE Question is, Whether we shall become more than *Men*, that is, *Pretty Gentlemen*; or worse than Brutes, *i. e.* Masculine, Robust Creatures with unsoftened Manners. The latter will infallibly be the Case, if an effectual Stop be not put to that licentious Railery, which would laugh out of Countenance the generous Endeavors of a Race of virtuous Youths, to polish our Asperity, mollify us into gentle Obsequiousness, and give us a true Relish of all the dulcet Elegancies of Life? I will speak without Reserve: Should not the Theatres be *absolutely demolished*? We have already in vain tried the lenient Measures of Restriction. Why then should we not now have Recourse to the last Remedy, and cut down the Tree, which

which after all our Pruning and Culture, still continues to produce *poisonous Fruit*?

THE indulgent Reader, I dare say, will approve the Method I prescribe. But perhaps so many Difficulties may arise to his Imagination, that he will conclude it impracticable.

DIFFICULTIES there are, no doubt, but *One* there is, which if *He* can surmount, I my self will undertake to remove all the rest.

HERE lies the grand Impediment! How can we expect the Favour of the *Learned* or the Protection of the *State*, to cherish and support *This Refinement*, when its most inveterate Enemy is the *very Man*, who has always been the *Standard of Taste* with the *Former*, and is now raised to a *Post*, which gives him such an unhappy Influence in the latter? Unhappy indeed for the Sons of Elegance! For what can the most Sanguine expect from one, who has made it the Business of his Life, to bring into Repute the false Refinements of ancient *Greece* and *Rome*? Will a Person of his

his *Masculine* Talents become the Patron of soft and dulcified Elegance? Will *He* give up that *Attic Wit*, which has gained him such high Applause, and made him the Delight of a mis-judging World, to cultivate Qualities, in which he is not formed to excel?

WHAT then remains, but that the *Sons of Elegance* wait with Patience (for they are too gentle to use any violent Methods) till the kind Fates shall remove this implacable Adversary out of the World. And then, my foreboding Heart assures me, true Politeness will thrive and prosper, and spread her sweet mollifying Influences over the Land, till nothing shall be heard of or seen, but Softness and Complaisance, Prettiness and Elegance, Infantine Preamble, Lullaby Conversation, and gentle Love; and every well-educated *Male* amongst us, shall become

Mollis & parum Vir; that is,

A PRETTY GENTLEMAN.



F I N I S.

